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ZION.

A DRAMA,

IN A PROLOGUE AND FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

B. W. HOLLENBECK, M. D.,

Author of "After Ten Years,"

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

PRINTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

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CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE

JEPTHA MARWOOD.....*A Mormon Elder.*
JAMES DAY.....*The Husband*
JABEZ BLIGH.....*A friend to Day.*
PETE.....*A colored servant.*
MRS. DAY.....*Wife of Day.*
DORA DAY (*ten years of age*).....*Daughter of Day.*

A period of eight years is supposed to have elapsed between the Prologue and Act First.

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

JEPTHA MARWOOD.....*A Mormon Elder.*
JAMES DAY.....*The wronged husband.*
OBADIAH GORHAM.....*A "destroying Angel."*
OSCAR DURAND.....*A young "Gentile."*
JABEZ BLIGH.....*A friend to Day.*
BARNABAS GRUMP.....*A Yankee.*
PETE.....*A colored servant.*
MRS. DAY.....*Wife of Day.*
DORA DAY (*eighteen years old*).....*Daughter of Day.*
JULIA EDWARDS.....*Mrs. Marwood the seventh.*
LUCY STONE.....*" " " eleventh*

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS.

PREFORMANCE—FREE.

COSTUMES MODERN.

MARWOOD.—A plain black suit; white neck-tie. In Prologue—iron gray hair; in Drama—white hair; may wear beard or be clean shaven. Fifty years old in Prologue.

JAMES DAY.—Thirty-five years old in Prologue. Neat gray suit in Prologue. Drama—hunting, or trapper's suit.

JABEZ BLIGH.—Forty years of age. Prologue—homespun suit, woolen shirt with wide collar; large black neck-kerchief. Drama—trapper's suit.

PETE.—Prologue—homespun pants; large figured cotton shirt; old slouch hat; large coarse shoes; white stockings. Drama—semi-hunting suit.

MRS. DAY.—Prologue—house dress gray or brown. Drama—plain black dress, full skirt.

DORA DAY—Prologue—A neat dressy child's suit. Drama, Act first—A neat traveling suit. Act second—dark dress.

OSCAR DURAND.—Dark business suit.

OBADIAH GORHAM.—Dark pants; flannel shirt; wide hat; long boots; dark coat; black hair and whiskers.

BARNABAS GRUMP.—Large checked pants; blue coat and waistcoat, brass buttons; white hat; coarse boots; sandy hair, mustache and imperial; large figured shirt.

JULIA EDWARDS.—Plain dark dress, full skirt.

LUCY STONE.—Plain dark dress, full skirt. This dress should be distinctive, a sort of Mormon uniform.

PROPERTIES.

PROLOGUE—Letter for Mrs. Day.

DRAMA—Act first; guns for Day, Bligh and Pete; knife for Mrs. Day. Act second; knife for Bligh. Act third; Pistol for Bligh; knife for Gorham; shears for Mrs. Day.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E. [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

ZION.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—A room plainly furnished in DAY'S *house. Table* R.; *lounge* L.; *chairs, etc. Doors* C. *and* L. *Discovered,* JEPTHA MARWOOD *and* MRS. EMMA DAY, *seated* R., *and* L., *of table.*

Marwood. I hope sister Day, you have considered your soul's salvation, and have concluded to participate in the joys of the saints?

Mrs. Day. Oh, brother Marwood, I am torn with conflicting emotions! My soul yearns for the "New Zion," but I cannot endure the thought of leaving my family.

Mar. This yearning for worldly things, is a part of your trials—your crown will be all the brighter, for this chastening.

Mrs. Day. If I could be sure of that, I would trample my love under my feet, and go forward to the promised land, singing hosanna.

Mar. If you could be sure of it? My dear sister, I have told you only solemn facts. I am the prophet's accredited apostle, and by all my hopes of heaven, I swear to you, you will be eternally lost, thrust into outer darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, forever and forever, if you do not accept the salvation now offered. None but a husband's hand can guide you to the joys of heaven—unless you are *sealed* to one of our holy saints, you are lost forever.

Mrs. Day. Oh, I believe you! But leaving my husband and daughter, gives me untold agony.

Mar. I assure you this feeling is the work of the devil, only disguised to draw you from the gates of Paradise, and plunge you into the depths of everlasting hell.

Mrs. Day. If I could take my daughter with me.

Mar. The will of the Lord has been spoken; you are to learn all, and follow Him—if not, in that great day, when all shall be judged, the edict will be thundered forth, "Depart from me ye accursed into everlasting fire." You know the way, if you do not follow it, your doom is sealed.

Mrs. Day. But why should my daughter be left behind? I could rear her in the faith. She would be such a comfort to me.

Mar. (*rising*) I see my labor has been in vain. You are doomed, doomed. (*going.*

Mrs. Day. Stay! give me a little more time to think. I *must* have more time.

Mar. You have not been hurried in your decision, sister Day. The voice of the Lord now calls me. There are many souls to save, and I must be about the harvest. If you do not wish to seek the light, I will go at once—however, if you will leave this land of the Ishmaelites and seek the New Zion with me, I will wait until night. Make your choice at once, and remember, it is a choice for eternity.

Mrs. Day. (*starting up*) Give me another day, only one more!

Mar. It is impossible. The hand of the Lord is heavy upon me; benighted souls are seeking deliverance, I cannot allow them to seek in vain. Your soul is very dear to me, and I have periled hundreds in my endeavors to save it—but now I must go, I bow to the will of God.

Mrs. Day. The time has come. Oh, God be merciful!

(*sinks on her knees by chair and buries her face in her hands.*

Mar. (*spreading his hands above her*) Holiness to the Lord! Remember, sister, you choose between the delights of heaven, and the anguish of hell.

Mrs. Day. My choice is made, brother Marwood, I will seek the New Zion. (*rises.*

Mar. Heaven bless you! The choicest benedictions of heaven rest upon you!

Mrs. Day. My heart is breaking, help me brother Marwood!

Mar. Look on high for aid—it will surely come.

Mrs. Day. Brother Marwood, in taking thisstep, I leave a happy home, a loving husband, and a beautiful daughter. Are you sure you have not over-drawn the picture? Is the happiness of the saints as great as you depict?

Mar. Sister Day, I have not deceived you, I swear it. Once in the walls of Zion, you will feel your emancipation from this tenement of clay. You will revel in the sweets of everlasting happiness, and sip the nectar of eternal life.

Mrs. Day. I believe you implicity; but if you have deceived me, I will be your Nemesis. I must prepare for our journey. What time will we start?

Mar. I will meet you at the large oak, at the outskirts of the village, at ten o'clock to-night.

Mrs. Day. I will be there. (*exit* L.

Mar. Well, in an experience of twenty years I have not found so difficult a customer to deal with. When I get her to the Holy City, I will use less persuasion to bend her to my will. She is a magnificent woman, and I cannot afford to lose her. I am running a great risk to obtain her; but the prize is worth it. If her husband should overtake us, it would be short shrift and few prayers with me. Once I get her home, a legion of devils could not tear her from me. I wonder what she will say when she learns my intention is to make her the eighth Mrs. Marwood? There will be a scene no doubt, but I will own her then, body and soul—she must then do as I require. (*exit* L.

Enter JABEZ BLIGH, C.

Bligh. I kinder thought I'd find Day in here—I want tew talk

with him about that 'ere cussed old apostle, I don't like the way he's agoin' on a bit. Day'll wake up some o' these mornin's and find hisself a widder. I wish he'd send the old varmint a flyin'—if he'll only give me the chance, I'll elevate the old sinner a few. Now he's a purty apostle ain't he? He's an apostle o' the devil if he's anything.

Enter PETE, L.

Pete. How de do, Massa Bligh? Golly, didn't 'spec ter see yer heah.

Bligh. What ye doin' here anyway, Pete? I'm a good mind to wallop yer old black carcass jist for fun.

Pete. Golly, dat wouldn't be berry much fun fer dis heah nigger, Massa Bligh.

Bligh. Say Pete, do ye know where the apostle is?

Pete. What 'postle ye 'ferin' to, Massa, Bligh? De 'postle Paul?

Bligh. No, I mean that 'are sneakin' old devil, what's bin a hangin' round here fer a spell.

Pete. Oh, dat 'are Massa Marwood? He's powful 'ligious, he is.

Bligh. Oh, he is, is he? How did you find it out?

Pete. Kase I heerd him talkin' powful good ter Missus Day.

Bligh. What did he say? Come, speak sudden!

Pete. I don't jes 'member, Massa Bligh, I clare to goodness I don't—but it were powful good, and powful 'ligious.

Bligh. No doubt of it; the sneakin' cuss. But what did Mrs. Day say?

Pete. She said she couldn't leab Massa Day, and little Missus, and Massa Marwood said she must leabe um—and den Missus Day, she cry.

Bligh. See here you nigger, you go an' find Day, quicker'n blazes; come git! (*exit* PETE, C., *grinning*) Curse that old sinner, if I kin git Day ter see the length o' his nose, we kin beat him yet. I'm purty sartin he's an old Mormon. If I knowed it fur sure, I'd hev him strung up ter a tree aforde he could squeal twice. This here ain't a healthy place fur that kind o' calamity.

Enter MR. DAY, *and* PETE, C.

Day. Well, neighbor Bligh, Pete says you want to see me?

Bligh. Yaas, I want tu talk with ye about this ere blamed old apostle what is a makin' hisself so consarned numerous around here.

Day. Why, is there anything wrong with Mr. Marwood?

Bligh. I'm orful feard thar is.

Day. Sit down neighbor. (*they sit*) Now tell me what you know and suspect.

Bligh. Wall, Mr. Day, I don't want tu hurt yer feelin', but I'm purty sartin the apostle is a tryin' mighty hard tu convert yer wife.

Day. What do you mean, sir? Do you intend to insinuate that my wife is not honest?

Bligh. No, sir, I don't mean tu insinerate nothin' o' the sort—I mean that there old apostle aint honest.

Day. What makes you think that?

Bligh. 'Cause, I've watched him right smart, an' I've found he's a laborin' mostly with the wimmen.

Day. Is that all you have against him?

Bligh. No, that aint all, I've mighty good reason tu think he's a Mormon apostle.

Day. A Mormon? What grounds have you for these suspicions?

Bligh. Wall, ye see, when he gits arter the females, he allus talks about goin' tu the New Zion; and I reckon that's what them fellers call there city over in Utah, aint it?

Day. Yes.

Bligh. Wall, as nigh as I kin make out, he's a tryin' tu coax a lot o' these wimmen tu go tu that New Zion with him, an' I reckon you'd better be a lookin' out, or you'll wake up some o' these fine mornin's an' find yerself a widder.

Day. (*rising hastily*) Stop! Neighbor Bligh, my feelings at this moment prompts me to kill you. If I did not know your worth and true friendship, you should never leave this room with those words upon your lips.

Bligh. I kinder 'spected you'd git riled—but what I'm a sayin', is fur yer good. I don't mean any insult tu nobody, an' I knowed it was mighty ticklish bizness tu talk tu ye as I've been talkin'; but I want ye tu be a lookin' out, so I tuck the chance. I wish ye would go an' talk tu her about it.

Day. I do not wish her to think I could entertain a suspicion of her, it would be an insult to her womanhood, and wifely honor, to ask her anything concerning Marwood's intentions.

Bligh. That's all right, Mr. Day, but that infernal cuss keeps a talkin' tu her about this ere New Zion, an' I believe he's a tryin' tu coax her tu go thar.

Day. And little good it will do him. But how do you know he talks to her so much about this New Zion?

Bligh. In the fust place; fustly, that nigger Pete, has heerd him a talkin' an' a preachin' tu her, an' then that's the way he does with all the wimmin.

Day. See here, Pete, have you ever heard Mr. Marwood talking to Mrs. Day, about this New Zion?

Pete. Yes, sah, I done heerd Massa Marwood talkin' ter Missus Day, 'bout dat 'are place.

Day. Can you tell me what he said?

Pete. I forgit jes all Massa Marwood say, but he talked powful 'ligeous.

Day. Well, Pete, tell me something he said.

Pete. Yes, massa, I can tell yer all I kin 'member. He asked her if she'd go to dat 'are Zion place wid him, an' she say she can't leab de family, an' den she cried, an' den Massa Marwood he talked powful 'ligeous, an' den Missus Day stop cryin' an' say she'd see him arter while—and dat's all I know 'bout dis heah Zion business. 'Fore de Lawd it am.

Day. Are you sure you have made no mistake, Pete?

Pete. Golly, massa, I don't make no mistake. Dat am de truf, what I tells you.

Bligh. Ye see Mr. Day, thar's sum reason fur lookin' arter this ere bizness.

Day. I do not doubt my wife, but I am beginning to doubt this man Marwood. If half your suspicions are true, I will call him to an account he will not soon forget.

Bilgh. An' if I was sure that he is a Mormon, I'd have his old

carcass a swingin' from some tree in a mighty short time, I kin tell ye.

Day. You seem to have a great dislike for the Mormons generally, neighbor?

Bligh. I have Mr. Day. They lived close by this neck o' woods onct, an' I know suthin' o' their carryins on; and I tell ye, thur aint one on them 'em but what desarves hangin'.

Day. Why, what did they do?

Bligh. Ye see Mr. Day, ye didn't live here then, an' so ye don't know about 'em like we'uns du what lived right along side o' 'em. Ye see at fust, they only tried tew make converts in a decent way; but arter awhile some o' the apostles an' head men, begun tu talk free love, plural marriages, an' the like. An' then they begun tu break up families an' sich: an' I tell ye Mr. Day, my mother kinder' got wild about 'em, an' run away from home an' married one o' them 'ere saint; an' when the varmints was drove out o' here, an went tu Illenoy, she went along an' when they got tu Nauvoo, the man what she married here, tuk three or four more wives, an' when the people sent 'em a flyin' from there, they let my poor old mother starve an' freeze tu death on the plains. I know she didn't du right, but them infernal devils coaxed her intu it, an' I tell ye Mr. Day, I'd shoot a Mormon, quicker'n I'd shoot a coyote any time; an' now ye know why I talked as I did—I tell ye, ye must watch 'em, ye can't trust 'em at all.

Day. Pete, go and tell your mistress I would like to see her.

Pete. Yes, sah, all right, sah. (*exit* C.

Bligh. Wall, Mr. Day, I'm glad yer a goin' tu look arter this thing, an' if ye find out that old cuss is a Mormon, let me know, 'an I'll make a dinner fur the buzzards out o' him. (*exit* L.

Day. (*seated at table*) Is it possible this man is an adventurer, and has deceived my wife? But I would scarcely believe her guilty of even an indiscretion. She is the soul of honor, and I feel I am doing her a great wrong, when I speak of the matter, or give it a serious thought. I will caution her about this man—no I cannot do that, it would imply a doubt of her, and that I do not have. Bligh is too suspicious; he cannot appreciate her nobleness and virtue. If I thought Marwood would attempt—pshaw, I will not think of such a possibillity. I will make some excuse for sending for her, I cannot let her think I for a moment doubted her.

Enter MRS. DAY, L.

Mrs. Day. You sent for me James, is there anything you wish?

Day. Nothing at all my dear, only I think of going to Grayson's to-morrow, and I wanted to tell you to make arrangements to go with me.

Mrs. Day. I should like to go very much.

Day. I thought you would, and so I planned to go as much on your account as my own. I think we shall enjoy the trip.

Mrs. Day. I am sure of it. (*aside*) Oh, I cannot meet his glance. How can I wrong him so?

Day. You are not well, you tremble, you must rest.

Mrs. Day. I am quite well—a little nervous is all.

Day. I fear you are concealing the truth; you have not been looking well, for several weeks.

Mrs. Day. I assure you I am perfectly well, a trifle tired, nothing more.

Day. I hope Mr. Marwood will cut his stay short, it certainly adds to your cares to entertain him; and besides I want you all to myself again.

Mrs. Day. He is soon going away, I believe.

Day. Oh, by the way! to what religeous denomination does he belong? I never thought to ask before.

Mrs. Day. To the reformed "Latter Day Saints" I believe.

Day. What! a Mormon?

Mrs. Day. Yes, but not one of those who believe in polygamy.

Day. It is well he is going away; if it should be known here that he is a Mormon, he would be hung to the nearest tree.

Mrs. Day. Why would that be done?

Day. Years ago, the Mormons came here and started a setlement, and so outraged the laws of decency that the people drove them from the state. Many who live here now, remember the affair, and hate all who profess to believe in there tenets. The feeling is so strong, that Marwood would not be safe a moment, if he were suspected of being a Mormon.

Mrs. Day. You must remember, James, Mr. Marwood does not believe in plural marriage; he repudiates that doctrine.

Day. It would be difficult for him to convince the people he does not believe it.

Mrs. Day. Did you ever investigate the Mormon creed?

Day. No dear, the surface is sufficient to show its vileness and corruption. It is founded and maintained, for the sole purpose of pandering to the lust and cupidity of man; it cannot have any foundation in fact. The assumption that Joseph Smith found printed plates engraved by the Almighty, from which was printed a new Bible, a new revelation being thus given to mankind, is a piece of ridiculous folly, too absurd to attract a moment's thought.

Mrs. Day. You know there are many who believe in this new revelation; is it possible they are all wrong?

Day. In my opinion, yes. There may be those who are sincere, but they are few. The whole thing is a noisome leprosy, a blot upon our civilization.

Mrs. Day. Can it be possible, a man like Mr. Marwood, would give countenance and sanction, to an institution as black as you have painted this to be?

Day. Are you attempting to defend Mormonism?

Mrs. Day. No, no, not at all, I thought you might be prejudiced against it—that is, I thought you might not know.

Day. Might not know? Every one should know it is an outrage upon decency. Has that man Marwood attempted to convert you to his faith?

Mrs. Day. (*agitated*) No, he has never said anything about it—that is, he never defended polygamy, he always condemed that.

Day. There is something you are trying to conceal from me. Tell me what it is.

Mrs. Day. There is nothing—I assure you there is nothing. I am not feeling well to-day.

Day. There is something wrong, I am sure of it; tell me what it is. Have you been induced to believe Mormonism? If you have, tell me so—let me convince you of your error—do not fear; think

how I have loved and trusted you. The angels in heaven could not make me think ill of you.

Mrs. Day. I know it! Oh, I know it! I will tell you what it is—but not to-day—wait until to-morrow, and then you shall know all. Do not be too angry with me—wait until you know.

Throws her arms about his neck, kisses him, and exit hastily R.

Day. What can this mean? I cannot believe she is untrue to me in thought or deed. I fear that man has had some evil influence over her; if I were sure he had, I would have his life. I shall know all to-morrow, and I have no doubt will laugh away her fears. This is very strange—doubts, fears and misgivings, crowd upon me, in wild confusion. There must be something wrong—yet, she is the soul of honor; I have never doubted—I will not doubt her now. This is the first cloud to cast a shadow upon our way; heretofore love and confidence have reigned supreme. But now, harrowing doubts arise and fill my heart with dark forebodings. Would to heaven the night were past! I must be alone; solitude is my only refuge. Oh, this dull heartache. (*exit slowly* C.

Enter PETE, L.

Pete. 'Fore de Lawd! Dis am de queerest doin's I eber seed. Missus Day cry and cry all de time, an' Massa Day look drefful sorry, an' Massa Marwood grin an' rub his hands, an' talks powful 'ligious—I clare to goodness, it am awful queer, suah.

Enter DORA DAY, L.

Dora. Oh, uncle Pete, what is the matter? There is something wrong.

Pete. Bress de Lawd, child! der haint nuffin' wrong as I knows on. What fur yer tink there is sumfin' wrong?

Dora. Oh, I don't know! But mamma cries awfully, and papa looks as if he was sick.

Pete. See heah little missy, don't yer go fer ter feelin' bad, dar haint no 'casion fer it. (*aside*) Cuss dat deblish old 'postle anyhow; he orter hab a good floggin'.

Dora. What are you talking to yourself about, uncle Pete?

Pete. I clare to goodness child, I don't know.

Dora. Do you think mamma is sick?

Pete. No child, I don't tink she am. I reckon she feels a little nervous like, dat's all.

Dora. Do folks cry when they are nervous, uncle Pete?

Pete. Yes, child, dey cries drefful sometimes. (*aside*) Damn dat 'postle anyhow!

Dora. Did you swear, uncle Pete?

Pete. Did I swar? Now honey, yer knows dat dis child nebber swars—I was jest sayin' some scripter, dat's all.

Dora. I am glad you don't swear, uncle Pete—it's dreadful to swear. But I wish I knew what ails papa, and mamma.

Pete. Now honey, don't fret; jes go ter bed an' go ter sleep, an' in de mornin' eberytin' will be all right.

Dora. Oh, uncle Pete, I can't sleep, I know I can't!

Pete. Yes, yer kin; jes go an' say yer prars, an' de good Lawd will put yer right ter sleep child.

Dora. Uncle Pete, I feel awfuly bad.

Pete. Bress yer heart, child! I knows yer do—dar hain't nuffin' ter feel bad about. Go ter bed, an' den ye'll soon forget all about it.

Dora. Oh, uncle Pete! what would I do, if anything bad should happen to papa, and mamma?

Pete. Dar won't nuffin' happen, don't yer be afraid child. See heah honey, if yer should hear me say suffin' dat sounds like swar words, don't yer tink I'se swarin', kase dat hain't it—I'll jes be sayin' scripter dat's all. Yer know Massa Marwood talked mighty 'ligeous an'——

Dora. I don't like Mr. Marwood, uncle Pete.

Pete. Why, don't yer like him honey?

Dora. I don't know, only I don't, that's all.

Pete. It's queer, but dat's jes de way I feels. I don't know why I don't like him, but I don't, an' dat's de trufe. (*aside*) Massa Bligh don't like him, say him damn raskil; little missus don't like him—and dis child tink him damn raskil too.

Dora. Are you swearing again, uncle Pete?

Pete. No child—no honey, I don't swar--I'se jes sayin' a tex, dat's all. Come child, go ter bed, uncle Pete 'll go too.

(*exit* DORA *and* PETE, L.

Enter MRS. DAY, C., *with hat and shawl on—a letter in her hand.*

Mrs. Day. Here is my confession and my vindication, if there is any vindication for me. My heart sinks at what I am doing—but I cannot retract, I must go on. My course is irrevocably fixed; and now when it is too late, I repent of what I have done. Oh, if I only dare tell my husband all—no, no, I dare not, he would spurn me. This act severs my connection with all I hold most dear. If the future brings happiness, my dream will be realized; if it brings sorrow and pain, I must bear it alone. Oh, Father! give me strength to bear, courage to endure, and faith to guide. Teach me the truth, and the way; sweeten this cup of bitterness with Thy love; bind up my bleeding, broken heart, with Thy tenderness. Farewell my home, beneath your shelter I have been the happiest of the happy. I have basked in the light of love and rejoiced. Years have come and gone freighted with joy; I have loved and been beloved—but now to all the past, farewell—to my old life—to my old love—to my old home farewell—farewell forever. (*places letter on table and exits slowly* C.

SCENE II.—A street in first grooves.

Enter JEPTHA MARWOOD *and* MRS. DAY, L.-MRS. DAY *has on bonnet and shawl;* MARWOOD *is dressed for the street.*

Mar. Come, my dear sister, we must not delay a moment.

Mrs. Day. Oh, it seems yet as if I must turn back. My brain is full of thoughts of my forsaken husband and child, and the home which has been so very, very happy.

Mar. To hesitate now my dear sister, would be folly, indeed. Do not think of what you leave, but of the happiness which awaits you in the New Zion.

Mrs. Day. No, I will go on—it is too late to go back; lead on, I will follow.

Mar. My dear sister, you have made a wise conclusion, and once within the gates of the New Zion, the happiness you will enjoy will more than compensate for the slight pangs you now feel. (*looks at watch*) We have only time to reach the depot—draw your veil closely over your face that you may not be recognized, and in a few hours we shall be far on our journey. (*exeunt* R.

SCENE III.—Same as scene first.

Enter JAMES DAY, C., *looking worn and weary.*

Day. The night with its gloom and darkness is past—none can tell the agony I have endured; I cannot shake off the sickening fear. (*sees letter and picks it up*) What is this? a letter and addressed to me? and her writing—what can it mean? (*opens letter and hastily glances over it*) Gone, gone! I must be dreaming! This is a horrid nightmare! No, no! it is not—oh, heaven, it is not true! Yes, yes, it is true—gone, gone, gone! (*reads*) "Believe me when I say, I I love you devotedly, but a Higher Power impels me to this step. I have gone never to return." There it is, gone, gone! (*reads*) "Brother Marwood has convinced me this course is necessary." Brother Marwood! curse him! curse him! (*reads*) "I have gone to the New Zion—farewell forever." Can I endure this?

(*sinks in a chair by table, and buries his face in his hands.*

Enter JABEZ BLIGH, C.

Bligh. Good mornin' Mr. Day, I felt anxious about you, and—— good heavens, man! what on airth ails ye?

Day. She has gone, gone!

Bligh. Gone! who has gone? I don't git yer meanin'.

Day. My wife, man! my wife! Gone with that scoundrel Marwood.

Bligh. I was afeared o' it, Mr. Day, I was afeared o' it. I know how them infernal varmints work. When did they go?

Day. Last night.

Bligh. Wall, we must foller 'em up. Ye don't have any idea which way they went du ye?

Day. No, only I suppose they would go direct to Utah.

Bligh. Yaas, it's more'n likely they would. Will ye go with me Mr. Day, in search of her?

Day. Go with you? certainly I will go with you. (*starts up*) Will you help me find them?

Bligh. I will, an' I'll never stop 'till they're found.

Day. Swear to me by all you hold sacred, by all your hopes of heaven, if ever you meet that man, you will kill him then and there.

Bligh. I swear it; and if the time comes an' I fail tu keep my oath, may God Almighty strike me dead?

Enter DORA C., *she runs to* DAY.

Dora. Papa, papa! what is the matter?

Day. (*clasping her in his arms*) Oh, my darling! my darling! that this should ever have come upon you.

Dora. Oh, papa! what has happened?

Day. Your mother, child. (*aside*) Oh, I cannot tell her.
Dora. What is it papa, is she dead?
Day. No, no, dear—(*aside*)—would to heaven she were.
Dora. What is it? Oh, tell me what it is?
Day. Oh, child! your mother is gone—left us forever.
(*sinks in a chair.*
Dora. Gone! mamma gone! Oh, papa, what shall we do—what shall we do?
Day. I do not know—I am dazed, bewildered, I cannot think.
Bligh. Mr. Day, we've got somethin' tu do, and I say let us be a doin' it.
Day. (*starts up*) Yes, we have something to do. *He* must die; the world is not wide enough for us both, I will follow him day and night—I will live only for vengeance.

Enter Pete, c.

Bligh. Now yer talkin' bizness. My fingers itch tu git holt of him.
Day. Do you know the nature of an oath, Dora?
Dora. Yes, papa.
Day. If you should take an oath, would you keep it always?
Dora. Yes, papa.
Day. Kneel, child! kneel! Raise your hands toward heaven! (Dora *kneels and raises her hands*) Dora child, will you promise, and swear upon your sacred honor, to devote your life, your strength, your entire energies to accomplish the death of Jeptha Marwood if I die before it is done?
Dora. Yes, papa.
Day. Will you promise and swear never to marry while Marwood lives?
Dora. Yes, papa.
Day. Will you promise to carry out my schemes of vengeance if I fail, and if necessary take Marwood's life with your own hand?
Dora. I will, papa.
Day. Hear me, thou all seeing and eternal Creator! Thou, whom the sun, moon and stars obey! and who knowest the secret thoughts of all mankind—hear me! I swear to dedicate my life, my energies, and my substance to this act of holy vengeance. To have no other thoughts, no other aim in life than the destruction of that man. I will follow him relentlessly; no sentiment of pity shall blunt the keen edge of my desire for vengeance. I will know no rest, no peace, while he lives; I will kill him wherever I can find him, and may eternal misery blight me if I falter. May I be forever cursed, and may the wrath of outraged heaven follow me forever, if I fail to keep my oath. Amen.
Bligh. }
Pete. } Amen.

CURTAIN.—END OF PROLOGUE.

—o—

A period of eight years is supposed to have elapsed between the Prologue and Act First.

THE DRAMA,

—o—

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A street in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Enter from R., DORA DAY *and* OSCAR DURAND.

Durand. You admit your love for me, Dora, why do you refuse to be my wife?

Dora. Because it is impossible, I cannot marry you—now.

Durand. Not marry me now? Will you *ever* marry me?

Dora. I do not know.

Durand. You do not love me—you are playing with my feelings. You give no reason for your strange conduct. If there is a bar to our marriage, why do you conceal it?

Dora. Oh, Oscar, be merciful. You know I love you and only you—but I cannot marry you, indeed, indeed, I cannot.

Durand. I know you say so, Dora; and you ought in justice to me, in justice to yourself, to tell me the reason for your refusal. I am sure nothing you have done can be in the way of our marriage, and you cannot be held responsible for the acts of others. I do not wish to distress you, but I cannot accept a decision that will ruin two lives without investigation. I therefore insist on an explanation.

Dora. I know I should tell you, but I shrink from laying bare a secret that makes my cheeks burn with shame, whenever I think of it.

Durand. I am sorry to give you pain Dora, but I must know why you refuse. Tell me, and I will explain away your scruples, we will yet be happy.

Dora. It cannot be, you will turn from me with loathing, and horror when you know my errand here—when I tell you I am here for the sole purpose of taking a human life.

Durand. Good heavens, Dora! you here for the purpose of murder? No, no, I cannot believe it.

Dora. Yet it is true, I am here bound by a most solemn oath; and with the deliberate intention of taking a human life. If you married me, you would ally yourself with a murderess; with one who has premeditated the deed for years—instead of clean pure hands, I would give you mine crimsoned with human blood. You shrink from me in horror now, and you have not heard all.

Durand. Go on, go on! tell me all!

Dora. Listen. Eight years ago a serpent from this hell, entered the eden of my home, and destroyed its happiness forever. He beguiled my mother with his pious cant; made her believe her only hope of salvation and eternal happiness, was through and in this so-called church. She fully believed his lying story, fled with him to this plague-spot. My father was nearly distracted and believing in the justice of his course, dedicated his life to vengeance, and caused me to take a most solemn oath to carry out his plans if he should fail; and further my oath stipulated that I should never marry while that villain lived. My father came here, but did not succeed in ridding the world of this monster. I have not heard from him for two years and have every reason to believe that he was killed by Mormon bul-

lets at Mountain Meadows. I have found this wretch, and am preparing to accomplish my mission and fulfil my oath. I shrink from the task with horror, but I must do it—I have no choice. Now, you know my story, you understand my position, spurn me if you will.

Durand. Spurn you, Dora? never! But I beg of you not to attempt this desperate deed. Remember Dora, if you do this, you will endanger your liberty, your life. Think of the consequences—I know the grievance is great, and merits death; but do not I beseech you, do not constitute yourself the avenger; let time and the Almighty avenge the wrong.

Dora. It is not that I seek vengeance, but because of my oath that I am here. I am bound by that oath body and soul—held to my task by a fate I cannot escape.

Durand. That oath was given in childhood, given when you were too young to understand its full significance; given under circumstances which ought not to bind you to its dreadful purpose. It cannot, it must not, sacrifice you to this fearful destiny; you must break that oath for me, for yourself, upon every human consideration, you must break it.

Dora. I cannot, oh, I cannot escape my destiny! That oath binds me to this juggernaut of duty with bands of steel that cannot be broken. I know I am the victim of a mistake; an innocent—an almost unconscious instrument of crime. I dare not break my oath!

Durand. Promise me, *not* to do anything rash until you see me again. I am obliged to go on a journey, that may take me some time to accomplish. If I cannot persuade you to abandon your terrible purpose, I must be near to protect you. If you love me, promise.

Dora. I promise you not to compromise myself during your absence. I am more than willing to postpone the evil day.

Durand. God bless you, Dora, try and convince yourself it is not your duty to do this deed; let me find you ready to forego your mad scheme when I return.

Dora. I cannot break my oath!

Durand. Good-bye, love; my journey will be a sad one—I trust all will yet be well. Return at once to your boarding place, for there is danger on every hand.

Dora. I do not fear, it is only across the street. (*exit* DURAND L.) I have never fully realized the horror of my situation until the present moment, and now—it almost overwhelms me. Oh, could I but escape my fate, or if the sacrifice of my life would uproot and destroy this evil how gladly would I give it. Even if I strike down Marwood, he is only one among thousands. Life here is a perpetual nightmare; the sacred ties of home and family are unknown; the cheerful group around the fireside is impossible; filial love and respect are not thought of; lust with its attendant evils reigns supreme.

Enter JEPTHA MARWOOD, R.

Mar. Ah, Miss Day, I am pleased to see you.

Dora. You will excuse me, sir, the pleasure is not mutual. I do not wish to speak with you. (*going.*

Mar. Stay a moment, I have something to say to you that you must hear.

Dora. Speak quickly, I have no time to waste with you.

Mar. Your time will not be wasted I assure you. My dear young lady you are no doubt well aware I have placed my affections upon

you, and that I desire you to be my wife. I can support you handsomely, and can truly say you hold the first and only place in my heart. I wish to build up my kingdom and save your immortal soul. I therefore offer you the only means of salvation, and an opportunity to participate in the earthly joys of the New Zion, in company with the saints.

Dora. I consider your proposal an insult, sir—how many wives have you now?

Mar. Only twelve; but I assure you———

Dora. Stop! Do you suppose I would become your mistress?

Mar. You do not understand our peculiar institutions; we are allowed—nay commanded to consumate plural marriages. Our Holy Book expressly teaches this as the one paramount means of obtaining eternal felicity, and I warn you none but a husband's hand can guide you through the gates of Paradise—and that husband must be one of our Holy Saints.

Dora. I tell you, sir, I would rather inherit eternal torments, than debase myself by becoming what you ask.

Mar. Is there anything debasing in becoming an honored wife?

Dora. An honored wife? Dare you tell me the victims of these polygamous marriages are honored wives? The moral law, the laws of the land, condemn the system as criminal and scandalous.

Mar. We are a law unto ourselves, and do not recognize any authority above and beyond our Holy Revelation. These observances are commanded from on High, and we obey them as the will of God.

Dora. Do you pretend to believe Joseph Smith received a revelation from God?

Mar. Most assuredly I do; and I also believe our present prophet, Brigham Young, receives communications direct from heaven.

Dora. If I thought you believed this, I would pity your ignorance and credulity. But as I am positive you do not, I despise your hypocrisy, and unutterably detest the lust which prompts you to defend an institution so covered with reeking filth. You throw around all these shameful things the glamour of sanctity. You use the name of the Most High to enforce observances that degrade women, and destroy man's crowning glory, *manhood;* and you, despite these facts, dare ask me to go through this farce of marriage, and become your *honored* thirteenth wife? Grey hairs should be honorable, but how shockingly misplaced is that crown of silver upon your head. Good-day, sir. (*exit* L.

Mar. Well, well! that is the worst breeze I have been caught in for a long time. My lady soars high, and talks sharp; but I have means at my command that will humble her pride, and break her proud spirit; I will use them unsparingly; I will bend her to my will, or—bury her. She is here alone, has no friends to make unpleasant inquiries about her, consequently my way is clear. Gorham must bring her to my house, and when I have her in my strong room she will sing another tune, or I am greatly mistaken. I must do this at once, for if Brigham gets his eyes upon her I fear he will claim her for himself, and I know by experience it would be useless to oppose him. I will see Gorham immediately—hello! "talk about the devil, etc," here he comes; I will have this arranged now.

Enter Obidiah Gorham, R.

Gorham. How dy'e do brother Marwood? You seem to be in a brown study?

Mar. Yes, I am in something of a study. I have a little job for you, brother Gorham.

Gorham. Ah, what is it, I am really anxious to know?

Mar. You know the girl, Day?

Gorham. Certainly; it is a part of my business to know every one.

Mar. I have a fancy for her—I want her for a wife.

Gorham. Exactly! Have you spoken to her about it?

Mar. Yes, and got the worst bluff I ever received.

Gorham. That is about what I should have expected.

Mar. Well, Gorham, I am determined to possess her. I want you to bring her to my house as soon as possible; once under my control, I will find arguments to bend her to my will.

Gorham. Am I to coax her, or use force?

Mar. I do not care how you accomplish it. A little rough usage might be a good thing—it would teach her to respect our authority. My advice is, do not bandy words with her, just take her along whether she makes a fuss or not.

Gorham. The last clause in your chapter of advice suits me. My observation is, these high headed females need a little rough handling to convince them Zion is not to be trifled with. They see the beauties of our institutions more readly after doing a little penance.

Mar. Generally speaking, I think you are right; but you know there are exceptions. Now in my little venture of eight years ago, the plan signally failed. You remembered the woman—all the arguments I could use were of no consequence; I tried moral suasion, until it ceased to be a virtue, and then resorted to sterner methods. I placed her in my strong room and kept her for days on a starvation diet of bread and water. I used the lash with unsparing hand—I made her a servant to my family, and caused her to do the most menial drudgery, but I could not exorcise the devil within her. You know she made several attempts to escape, I then placed her in your care and she was returned to me a maniac, and I trust will always remain so—she is now useful to me therefore I keep her.

Gorham. That is my idea brother Marwood, make 'em useful. If they refuse to be helpmates, the best plan in my opinion is to open the gates of Paradise and shove 'em through.

Mar. You are about the coolest "destroying angel" we have ever had. It was fortunate, indeed, that the little affair at Mountain Meadows brought you to the Prophet's notice.

Gorham. I tell you brother Marwood, that was a good job, and I enjoyed it. If we could get all these Gentiles into the same sort of place I would glory in finishing the whole tribe.

Mar. Do not forget to bring that girl to my house, brother Gorham.

Gorham. I will not fail. Oh, by the way brother Marwood, what is to be done with that new convert to the faith? That Yankee fellow—Barnabus Grump is his name I believe.

Mar. Is he really converted, do you believe?

Gorham. I have no doubt of it. He undoubtedly sees the advantages of our system and wishes to participate in them.

Mar. We must give him all the instructions possible—he may be of great use to us.

Gorham. Here he comes.

Enter BARNABAS GRUMP, L.

Grump. Good mornin' brothers. I hev ben out a "viewin' the

landscape o'er". Takin' a sort o' survey o' my future home ye know.

Gorham. Well, what do you think of it?

Grump. In my opinion it's a right good place tew live in. There seems tew be a sight o' harmony an' good feelin' among the Saints; a sort o' heavenly calm so to speak.

Mar. I see you are beginning to understand the beauties and sentiments of the true Faith.

Grump. Yaas, I am discoverin' new beauties all the time. It's really affectin' tew witness the affection displayed in the families o' the Saints. As soon as I kin git a holt o' some land for a ranch, I'm goin' tew commence the marryin' business in airnest. Ye see the Good Book says it ain't good fur man tew be alone, an' as soon as I kin git in shape tew make it pay, I'm a-goin' tew take several wives more or less.

Mar. That is right and proper brother Grump, you will soon be an honored member of our band of Saints.

Grump. Yaas, I'm in hopes to inherit the joys of heaven, an' make it pay in this life tew.

Mar. You are upon the right road, do not weary in well doing.

Enter MRS. DAY, R. *She is now insane.*

Mrs. Day. I think my little daughter will soon come. I should have brought her with me, but that man said no. And these are the joys of Zion! If these are the joys, what are the sorrows? Oh, the despair! Oh, the heartache! Oh, the horror piled on horror in this den of infamy! My husband loved me, and my home was happy, but now—oh, now! In the silent watches of the night, they come and whisper, whisper! Aye, and hiss, and hiss! And foremost in that hateful throng is one whose head is crowned with silver locks, and who with smiling lips repeats his lying cant and foul hypocrisy. He is the leader of this envenomed crew which talks of Saints, and paints in honied words their joys in Paradise. 'Twas he who lured me from my happy home, and made me what I am—a thing despised by God and man. (*sees* MARWOOD) Yes—yes—there it is, there is the shape—the fiend who lured me to destruction—and who nightly leads those grinning devils, who taunt me with my crimes.

Mar. (*advancing toward her*) Why are you here, Mrs. Marwood? You should be at home attending to your duties.

Mrs. Day. Back—back—do not come near me! your touch—your presence is pollution.

Mar. You must go back to the house, this is no place for you.

Mrs. Day. No—no, I know it is no place for me. I am surrounded with ghostly grinning forms; I cannot escape them. I came here to find joy on earth and eternal life in heaven, and I found—oh, merciful heaven, who are you? there is something familiar in your face. Ah, yes I know you now, you are my husband, come to see me; my husband whom I love—let me clasp you in my arms and weep out my sorrow on your bosom. No—no—it is not he—it is—it is—back! back! I say! do not touch me, you are the serpent who beguiled me; you coiled your slimy folds around my heart and foully betrayed me.

Mar. Woman, you must go home.

Mrs. Day. Home! home! I have no home—nothing but a prison where in daily toil my weary life drags on. I left my home and came to—what? I dare not think. My quivering flesh has felt the scourging lash laid on by brutal hands—by you. My form has bent

and throbbed with pain beneath its load of menial labor—laid on by you. I have at times felt reason's sway return as now I feel it. I have then fallen on my knees as I do now, (*kneels*) and asked Almighty God to sweep with fire and sword this moral plague spot. I ask him now to breathe destruction, pestilence and death upon this city in its sin; to let the earth open and swallow up forever, the horrible iniquities perpetrated in His name; to sweep this valley with a besom of wrath and purification.

Gorham. (*advancing and lays hand upon her shoulder; she starts in great fear*) See here woman! you are making a scene for nothing.

Mrs. Day. (*starting to her feet in frenzy*) Away! Away! Do not touch me! I feel the frenzy upon me. Oh, horror! they are coming back! Back, ye fiends!

She exits L., *shrieking back! back!* MARWOOD *and* GORHAM, *rush off after her.*

Grump. Wall, neow, this kinder beats me. Ef this is the way the consarn pans out, I'm agoin' tew ask tew be excused—I don't want any sich onpleasantness tew happen in my family, that's sartain. I'd better gin up the idea o' havin' mor'n one wife—it kinder pears tew me one on 'em is about all I kin manage tew onet. I reckon I'll meditate onto it some. (*exit* L.

SCENE II.—A wood in fourth grooves. Camp fire burning, guns leaned against a tree. Discovered, JABEZ BLIGH *an* PETE, *seated* R., *and* L., *of fire.*

Pete. What yer s'pose Massa Day stay away so long fur? Think him got into trouble?

Bligh. I dunno, Pete, this ere country is full o' them cussed Mormons and Injuns, an' they'll like nothin' better nor skulpin' Day—or any on us for that matter. I reckon we're purty safe here howsomever.

Pete. I spects we is kinder safe like; but I tells yer what it am, Massa Bligh, dis yer nigger rudder be up in the mountings diggin' fur gold, dan down in dis heah valley watchin' fur Mormons.

Bligh. Wall, Pete, I reckon 'twould be safer; but ye know we didn't come here tu dig gold. Our bizness is, fustly tu clean out old Marwood, an' then we kin du somethin' else.

Pete. Dat's all right, Massa Bligh, but what de debil we tramp way off ter Californ' fur? Didn't spect ter find de old postle dar did yer?

Bligh. No, Pete, but ye see we got out o' funds, an' we had tu git some chink, or gin up the hunt. We've got the dust now, an I reckon we'll be lookin' devilish sharp arter old Marwood fur a while. I wouldn't take his chance, fur the hull Mormon outfit.

Pete. S'pose Massa Day nebber git back; what will we do den?

Bligh. Why, Pete, me an' you'll go in an' clean out the old coyote alone.

Pete. Wouldn't dat 'are be pesky onsartin fur us, Massa Bligh?

Bligh. Wall, yaas, Pete, I reckon 'twould be kinder seldom, but we've got tu do it an' no mistake. Don't ye remember what a big oath we tuck afore we left? I hope ye don't want tu back out do ye?

Pete. No I guess not. But what good will all dis heah do dis child, eh? S'posin dis nigger lose his har what den? S'posen dem

Mormons cum like dey did at de Medders, an' make us inter crow meat, in a minute—what good de oaf do den, eh? I don't like de Mormons a bit, but I tinks a heap ob myself, I do suah. Massa Day git pow'ful mad. Dat's all right, dey don't steal my wife, what fur I git mad? Massa Day, he don't want ter lib, dis child don't want ter die, dat's de difference.

Bligh. Why, Pete, ye wouldn't desart me would ye? Didn't I save yer skulp over in Californy? An' didn't I divide when grub was scarse? I thought ye had more grit, Pete.

Pete. What fur yer tink dis nigger ain't got no grit? Didn't I mash dat 'are Injun's head wid a big rock when he had yer down? Didn't I carry Massa Day off fru de rocks wid dat 'are deblish meat ax a stickin' in him? Dis heah child ain't afeard ob de hull pack ob Mormons—but what's de use? Dat's what I want to know.

Bligh. I tell ye Pete, I've got a grudge agin 'em, an' when I'm a helpin' Day, I'm a payin' off some old scores fer myself. We've stuck together fer a good while, an' I want ye tu hang on a spell longer. Day'll be back afore mornin', an' then we'll move fer sartin.

Pete. Hang on? ob course I'll hang on; dis child neber'll leab ye, while he's got a har left, ye may 'pend on dat—but I kinder thought we'd better gin up de job an' go home, dat's all.

Bligh. (*starting up*) Give us yer hand Pete, yer hide's blacker'n tar, but yer white inside, an' ye've got as big a heart as any man what ever lived. (*they shake hands.*

Pete. What's dat 'are crackin' in de brush out dar? Somethin' or somebody's comin' suah.

Bligh. (*listening*) Yer right, Pete, grab yer gun an' git fer the brush! (*they sieze their guns and exit.*

Enter from L., *cautiously* JULIA EDWARDS—MRS. MARWOOD *the seventh.*

Julia. This camp seems deserted; I wonder where the people are? What a lonely place this is—my blood is chilled with fear. These dark somber trees, and forbidding rocks stand gaunt and grim, like giant spectres. If this is an enemies' camp, no power on earth can save me—no matter, I am prepared to die. My life for years has been a living death, blackened with infamy. The horror of that so called Zion can never be told; I will perish in the forest, on the mountains, anywhere, rather than return to that physical and moral slavery. No tongue can tell the misery in that sinful city; it is the concentration of iniquity, an overflowing of licentiousness. The sum total of all things vile! Is it possible a righteous God, a just government will permit this outrage to exist? Will the massacre of those innocents at "Mountain Meadows" go unavenged? Would to heaven the fate of Sodom might overtake the city in sin!

Enter DAY, R.

Day. Amen!

Julia. (*starts confused*) May I inquire who you are, sir?

Day. Madam, I am an avenger, I hate with fervent hatred the name of Mormon! I have dedicated my life, my substance to an unceasing warfare with this pestilence.

Julia. Thank God I have found one who will sympathize with, and befriend me!

Day. Allow me to inquire who you are, and why you are here?

Julia. I am one who has felt the blistering contact of Mormonism. One who knows the whole structure to be a baseless fabrication. I am here, because I chose the peril of the forest, the danger of the mountains, rather than endure the vileness of Mormon captivity.

Day. Where are you going? What are your plans?

Julia. Going? I know not, I have no plans; I only know I fled from the terror of the known, to face the unknown; from the slavery and degredation of Mormonism; to escape or die—I care not which.

Day. It is fortunate you found your way here. Myself and companions, will give you all the protection possible.

Julia. Where are your companions? I have not seen them,

Day. They are near I am sure. (*whistles—it is answered by a whistle off among the rocks*) They are close at hand.

Enter after a pause, BLIGH *and* PETE, L.

Day. Were you out on a scout?

Bligh. Yaas, kinder thought we'd look around some.

Day. Did you discover anything suspicious?

Bligh. Nothin' at all. The fact o' the matter is, we heard this 'ere lady a comin' through the brush, an' so we jes picked up our shootin' irons, an' stepped behind the rocks fur a minnit tu see what was a comin'.

Pete. I 'spects it would be a good thing fur dis child ter keep a look out fur a spell—what yer think, Massa Day?

Day. I think it would be well to do so.

Pete. I'll jes step out ob the way ob de fiah an' listen. (*exit* R.

BLIGH *sits on a rock with gun leaning against his knee.*

Day. We must mature some plan of action. There is a strong detachment of government troops on their way here for the purpose of investigating Mormonism, and we must take advantage of their presence to accomplish our work. (*to* JULIA) You are lately from Salt Lake City, are you not?

Julia. I left there yesterday morning.

Day. Do you know a man there by the name of Marwood—Jeptha Marwood?

Julia. Know Jeptha Marwood? For ten years I have lived only to hate him; prayed only for revenge upon him.

Day. You surprise me! What wrong has Marwood done you?

Julia. The greatest of all wrong. He betrayed me, enticed me from my home, made me his drudge, his slave.

Day. Tell me your story, I am anxious to hear it!

Julia. About ten years ago, Marwood came to my home, a fair New England village, and commenced a revival in the interest of this Mormon church. I was young and filled with that deep religious enthusiasm, so common among the descendants of old Puritan stock. I therefore lent a willing ear to his subtle arguments. He seemed a pattern of honest manhood—in short I gave him my love. We were married and went to Salt Lake City—to me the promised land. Judge of my horror when I discovered how I had been betrayed; being only Mrs. Marwood, the seventh. I could not escape, I was a prisoner—constantly watched. I heard the massacre of Mountain Meadows talked of and planned; I heard those fiends,

boast of their deeds of blood; I saw the little innocents, who were allowed to live parceled out among the vile crew. I know of four lisping tongues silenced forever by Mormon hands, because they remembered too much of that fearful tragedy. I have seen maniacs wander about the streets, pitiful wrecks of glorious womanhood; ruined by Mormon cruelty. Can you wonder I hate with undying hatred, the whole institution?

Day. No, I do not wonder; you have every reason to hate, and so have I. This same Jeptha Marwood, entered my home, and plucked from my fireside, my life, my love. Since that time I have had but one thought, and that is revenge. I have crossed blistering deserts, encountered danger in forests, and on plains, and all for the purpose of ridding the earth of this monster, and the long expected time is near at hand.

Bligh. (*rising*) Amen! And I say now, as I've sed afore, I'll stick tu ye while I've got a speck o' life an' help ye cut that villian's throat, whenever an' wherever we kin find him.

Enter PETE, *quickly and silently*, R.

Pete. Massa Day, dar am some one comin', suah! I don't know as dar's mor'n one, but dar's one I'se sartain.

Day. (*to* JULIA) Remain here by the fire—we will step back among the trees, and await developments. Come, Bligh! come Pete! (*exit* L.

Bligh. I hope tu goodness it's a Mormon, I'd like tu begin bizness, right off. (*exit* L.

Pete. 'Spects it am a Mormon. He'll git his old hide peppered mighty good. (*exit* L.

Enter OSCAR DURAND, R.

Durand. Here is a good fire and every indication of a camp. I wonder where the people are? (*sees* JULIA—*aside*) Hello! here is a woman. (*to* JULIA) Are you alone?

Enter DAY, BLIGH *and* PETE, L., *guns in hand ready for instant use.*

Day. No, she is not alone—are you?

Durand. Yes, I am alone, but not unarmed.
(*about to draw a weapon.*

Day. If you wish to commit suicide, young man, draw at once.

Durand. Why, do you come towards me with guns leveled? Do you suppose I will stand quietly, and be shot like a dog?

Day. You invaded our camp, therefore we wish to know your business. Are you a Mormon?

Durand. No, thank heaven!

Day. Where are you from?

Durand. Remotely from the East, immediately from Salt Lake City.

Day. Are you leaving there permanently?

Durand. No, sir, I have business which calls me to the northern part of the territory, I shall return as soon as possible.

Day. Do you intend to remain at Salt Lake after your return?

Durand. See here, sir! I am not accustomed to this sort of catechising; and although you are three to one and well armed, I positively refuse to be quizzed in this manner.

Day. Well, neighbor Bligh, what shall we do in this case?

Bligh. He talks middlin' straight, I reckon we'll have tu let him go.

Durand. Is your name Day?

Day. It is.

Durand. Did you formerly live in Arkansas?

Day. I did.

Durand. And you had a daughter, Dora?

Day. Yes, yes, but what is this to you? What do you know of my daughter?

Durand. I know there is in Salt Lake City, a young lady named Dora Day, who is bound by a terrible oath to do an awful deed, and nothing but knowing the fact that her father lives, will prevent her taking a human life. If this lady is your daughter, it is your duty to go to her rescue, and save her from committing this crime.

Day. (*musingly*) Can it be, that Dora has come to fulfil her oath? If she is there I must hasten to apprise her of my presence, and forestall the possibility of her attempting Marwood's execution. Young man how did you learn so much of Miss Day's intentions?

Durand. I love her, told her of my love, and begged of her to become my wife—she refused, and I insisted on knowing her reasons for refusing; then she reluctlantly confided to me the story of her oath, I therefore exacted a promise from her, not to move in the matter until I returned.

Day. What did you intend to do when you return?

Durand. I intended to kill Marwood myself.

Day. I am positive this young lady is my daughter. We will go to Salt Lake City at once.

Julia. What am I to do? I dare not go back there.

Day. We will find means to protect you, never fear. (*to* DURAND) Will you go with us?

Durand. Yes, I will postpone my trip.

Day. Come friends let us hasten to avenge our wrongs; and may the one who falters die.

All. Vengeance! Vengeance! Amen!

PETE, R. DAY, C. BLIGH, L. JULIA *and* DURAND, R. *and* L. *of* C., *each one with right hand and eyes upraised.*

QUICK CURTAIN.—END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A room in MARWOOD'S *house poorly furnished, with wooden chairs, plain stand and cot bed. Night, candle burning on stand—discovered* DORA DAY, *seated on bed.*

Dora. I am surely a prisoner in that hypocritical villain's power. I am powerless; completely at his mercy. He has no sentiment of pity; he is implacable. I have no one to aid me, I am alone. (*starts up*) I will not give way to fear or repining. The time is come for me to do and dare. All the tortures at his command cannot subdue me or make me falter. Jeptha Marwood shall learn he has roused a demon that will not down. Ah, some one is coming.

Enter LUCY STONE, C., (MRS. MARWOOD *the eleventh*) *carrying a tray on which is a coarse supper; she places tray on stand, and turns to* DORA.

Lucy. There is your supper, I hope you will enjoy it.

Dora. Can you tell me why I am made a prisoner?

Lucy. I reckon you know as well as anybody.

Dora. I assure you I do not.

Lucy. So you don't know brother Marwood intends to marry you?

Dora. I know he asked me to marry him, but I positively refused.

Lucy. Well, that's why you are here. He proposes to marry you anyway.

Dora. I would sooner die, than marry him.

Lucy. You can say that all right now, but I reckon you'll sing another song before he is done with you.

Dora. What do you mean?

Lucy. I mean he is determined to have you; and have you he will in some way. The balance of us don't like it very well, but we've got used to it. I'm next to the last one, and I know I had a hard time for a while, but I get along better now—I reckon it won't make much difference, if he does get a lot more; it will be a little bad for the new ones though.

Dora. I do not understand you. Are you one of Marwood's wives?

Lucy. Yes, I suppose so—but I reckon it would be nearer right to say I'm one of his *white niggers*—that's about what we all are; and it's what you will come to before long.

Dora. Why, will you stay here and endure this slavery? Why, don't you run away from him?

Lucy. That's a mighty sight easier said than done. Some of 'em have tried to get away but didn't make it out, and when they were brought back and put in this room once, they didn't want to try it again. If these walls could talk they could tell you things that would make your hair stand on end. There is one who was brought here about eight years ago, who tried to get away, and he put her in here and fed her on bread and water until she was almost starved, but she wouldn't give in, and when he let her out she tried it again; then he whipped her awfully, but that didn't do any good either—it was awful the way he whipped her every day for a month, but he couldn't conquer her, and so he turned her over to that devil Gorham, and when he brought her home she was raving crazy, and has been so ever since. It's all right for you to talk brave now, but just wait and you will change your mind.

Dora. Perhaps I may, but I will endure any torture rather than act the farce of marriage and become his mistress.

Lucy. Well, I must go. I am sorry for you, but I don't know how I can help you; you see I've got to take care of myself—I don't want to get a whipping or do double duty in the kitchen, or the field; I have got into a bad scrape and I must make the best of it. Well, good-night, I will see you in the morning. (*exit* C.

Dora. How can I escape? That poor creature is trying to make the best of her sad lot; her spirit is crushed—she is an abject slave to a vile master. He owns her body and soul; her only thought is to escape his brutality. Her womanhood is gone; her mind is benumbed, and the apathy of despair has seized upon her. And this poor maniac, what of her? Her pride and honor could not be conquered,

her shattered mind is a glorious monument to her heroism. She was no doubt enticed from a happy home, to this whirlpool of sin. Her puny strength could not s'em this torrent, she was engulfed in the mad murky flood.

Enter MRS. DAY, C., *cautiously.*

Mrs. Day. Ah, the tears, the toils, the agony I have endured here! Oh, the utter blackness of the weary years; at times a flash of reason's light illuminates the gloom, and I live again in memory of the sad, sad past. My home, my husband and my daughter, come before me as I saw them last; and then these long, long years of woe and shame rise up before me and shut out the view of my lost heaven. Black, cheerless, starless night anon swoops down and in seeming pity obscures the light of reason. Would that self-consciousness might be forever lost; that reason's flame might never burn within me, or death might come and set me free. (*sees* DORA—*aside*) Is this another victim of Mormon hypocrisy! (*to* DORA) Who are you, and why are you here?

Dora. I am a prisoner—who are you?

Mrs. Day. Who am I? I am a wretched victim of lust and avarice, who has forfeited her peace on earth and hopes of heaven.

Dora. Are you Mrs. Marwood?

Mrs. Day. I am forced to bear that hated name.

Dora. Tell me your story, let us sympathize with each other. (*aside*) Oh, heaven! I believe this is my long lost mother, reduced to this by Mormon cruelty.

Mrs. Day. My story is brief. I left a happy home, to seek the joys of Zion. I was seduced from the path of honor by a smoothed-tongued villain, and awoke from my dream too late to retract.

Dora. Was your name, Day? Did you have a daughter, Dora?

Mrs. Day. Yes, yes! Oh, yes! Do you know aught of her, or my husband? Speak, speak quickly, or the old horror will be upon me, before I can hear your story.

Dora. Your daughter lives, and like you, is a prisoner. I am she whom you left eight years ago. Oh, mother, mother! Do you not know me?

Mrs. Day. Is it possible? Are you my darling whom I left in the once happy home?

Dora. I am your daughter—oh, my poor, poor mother.

Mrs. Day. (*looking intently at her*) Yes, you are Dora, my own, my beautiful Dora. (*fiercely*) Grant me a boon, do as I ask you 'ere the madness comes. It is coming now, I feel its horrors creeping over me. Take this knife, (*gives knife*) plunge it into my bosom—(*kneels*)—let me die by your hand; let me feel in the death pang dealt by you, the first and only joy for eight long years. Set free my fainting soul, be my Saviour. Here—here—plunge it here.

Dora. Oh, mother, mother! I cannot do this deed. Calm yourself, I will free you from this slavery.

Mrs. Day. (*starting up*) There is no escape but death, let me die by your hand. You will not? Then I must be my own executioner. Let me clasp you to my bosom—once, only once, and then, farewell.

MRS. DAY *clasps* DORA *in her arms then steps back and wrests the knife from* DORA, *raises it as if to plunge it in her own bosom—*

Enter MARWOOD *and* GRUMP, C.

Mar. What does this mean? Where did you get that knife? (*he takes the knife from her*) Go to your room, you have no business here.

Mrs. Day. Back, you fiend! do not touch me. Back, back! I say! (*exit wildly*, C.

Mar. That woman is giving me trouble lately. I must keep her in close confinement or she will do serious damage.

Grump. She seems ter be kinder onsettled like—I reckon she'll stand a heap o' watchin'.

Mar. I have hesitated about placing her in a public Asylum, it seems such a heartless proceeding.

Grump. Yaas, that's so. I allus knowed you had a big stock o' fine feelin's.

Mar. Miss Day, I am very much pained that this episode should have occured—I trust it will not prejudice you against us.

Dora. It has not changed my feelings in the least.

Mar. That is very sensible of you. You will understand these unfortunate incidents occur outside of Zion, so this case cannot be considered of any special significance.

Grump. That's so. I have knowed o' several if not more occurin' down in Maine—it's dreadful onpleasant, but it can't be helped.

Mar. I hope you will not lay too much stress upon this affair. It is, indeed, unfortunate, and I deplore it greatly. My great love for her, induces me to keep, and watch over her; I cannot endure the thought of placing her in the care of strangers.

Grump. I know brother Marwood has got an awful tender heart—he can't bear tu see sufferin' o' any kind. He takes better care o' his household than most o' the Gentile folks du—that's as true as preachin'.

Mar. Brother Grump has investigated our system thoroughly, and has been converted to our faith. He was very much opposed to us when he came here, but he now sees the beauty, and harmony of our lives and earnestly desires the felicity of full communion with us.

Grump. Yaas, that's it tu a T. I'm mor'n willin' tu cast my lot among the Saints. I've looked the matter over, an' I've read the Holy word, an' in my opinion, the only chance fer Salvation is right in this 'ere church. (*aside*) An' it's a darned good speckilation tu.

Dora. You are wasting time if you expect to convert me.

Mar. Do not be hasty in your decision, Miss Day, think this matter over, carefully.

Grump. Yaas, take plenty o' time an' read the Word, an' I'm purty sartin' you'll change your mind. It's a dreadful good thing tu take plenty o' time. (*aside*) An' plenty o' wives when you've got a ranch.

Dora. Have you forgotten the teachings of your New England home?

Grump. Not at all, but ye see they didn't have the true faith. When I come out here I didn't believe a word on't; but arter a while I got convinced that this 'ere is the jenewine thing, an' so I made a proposition tu jine tu onct—an' the Saints are goin' tu take me in, an' I'm a goin' to be heir o' eternal joy. (*aside*) An' improve my financial condition into the bargain.

Dora. Your arguments are fallacious. You are both talking from vile and selfish motives. You cannot disguise the selfishness, which

prompts you to defend this institution; I have seen too much to be beguiled by your studied cant, and transparent hypocrisy.

Mar. You seem determined to force me to extreme measures. I wish to convince you with the mild persuasion of love.

Dora. Love? You do not know the meaning of love. Your sordid nature cannot appreciate a pure thought.

Mar. Miss Day, you seem resolved to goad me to desperation. I advise you to be careful—perhaps you do not realize how completely you are in my power?

Dora. I fully understand my situation. I know you have the power and disposition to rack me with torture. I know unless I succumb to your base propositions, a horrible death awaits me—yet, knowing all this, I defy you, and dare you to do your worst.

Mar. Miss Day, I am determined to possess you; there is no necessity for further concealment. You are in my power, absolutely in my power. I will conquer your haughty pride, and bend you to my will, or *kill* you—do you understand?

Dora. I do, sir. I know your power here is unlimited; I know the poor maniac who but now left us, is the work of your hands; I know you enticed her from a happy home; I know you lashed her quivering flesh; I hnow you attempted to starve her into submission, but you could not break her resolution. I know—mark me well Jeptha Marwood—I know this victim of your lust and greed, of your Mormon religeon, is my mother. And now I say to you, do what you please—starve, lash, burn if you will, I will never, *never* be your so-called wife.

Mar. I will give you a little more time to meditate; and I hope you will change your mine. If not, I will make you beg for death, that will not come. I will make your life such a burden, that any change will be welcome.

Grump. (*aside*) This is a queer sort o' courtship—not very lovin', but mighty excitin'.

Dora. I do not wish any more time. My determination is fixed, unalterable.

Mar. Do not be hasty. Think it over.

Enter LUCY, C., *excited.*

Lucy. Brother Marwood, Julia has run away sure, she was seen going North, out of the city, and I reckon she's gone for good.

Grump. (*aside*) The hull thing seems kinder onsartin'; guess I'll think it over a spell.

Mar. Well, Lucy, we will look for her at once—I cannot afford to let her escape.

Lucy. Sister Emma is taking on awful, so I locked her door.

Mar. That is right Lucy, you are very thoughtful. (*to* DORA) Well, Miss, I will leave you to think over your situation. Remember, escape is impossible; so show your good sense by making the best of it.

Dora. You need not delay. Commence your torture at once.

Mar. Lucy, do not bring this lady any food to-morrow; hunger may teach her to reason differently. Come Lucy, come Grump, we will look after the runaway.

Grump. (*aside*) It's tarnation rough on the gal; if I knew how, I'd help her—I would by gosh!

Exit MARWOOD, LUCY *and* GRUMP, C.

Dora. My fate is fixed, there is no escape. I must suffer and make no sign. I will not repine or indulge in useless regrets. The fiend shall not see me falter; I am prepared to die, and die bravely. Heaven help me in my time of need!

Seats herself wearily on the edge of the bed; drops her face in her hands in an attitude of despair.

SLOW CURTAIN—END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A street in Salt Lake City.

Enter JEPTHA MARWOOD *and* OBIDIAH GORHAM.

Gorham. Well, brother Marwood, how are you succeeding with Miss Day?

Mar. My success is not flattering; she shows no signs of weakening.

Gorham. If you place her in my care, I can promise one of three results, complete conversion, insanity or death. I shall not stop with namby-pamby measures, you may be sure.

Mar. I believe you delight in human suffering—in taking human life.

Gorham. I do brother Marwood, it is my business and I enjoy it.

Mar. Well, when I find I can do nothing with her, you shall take the care. But what about these government troops? Are they coming here do you suppose?

Gorham. I don't know, if I had had my way, they would never have reached here, I would have taken a party and went out to the Mountains, and prepared the pass for their reception. We could have made as clean a sweep as we did at Mountain Meadows. And it would have been a good hint to the infernal government, to let us alone. I believe in setting up an Independent Empire, and defending it; we ought to do it, and cut every Gentile's throat, who comes nosing around here. There are three of them here now, who walk about the streets with revolvers and knives strapped upon them. I I asked Brigham, for leave to dispose of the gang, but he refused on account of those cursed soldiers being so near.

Mar. See here Gorham, it won't do to have that girl seen, or the crazy one either. If we find the soldiers are coming here, I will send them to your suburban retreat, at once.

Gorham. All right, send them along—they will be safe enough with me.

Mar. And if the troops do come, and you think there is danger of detection, I want you to dispose of them at once.

Gorham. Now that suits me, I would like to make a finish of that crazy one any way.

Mar. I wish you had had your way about these troops; it seems to me, very foolish to allow them to get so near.

Gorham. That is what I think. I have a mind to clean them out, Prophet or no Prophet. Brigham was not afraid to kill a lot of em-

igrants at the Meadows, but he don't like to face government bayonets. I tell you, they never ought to be allowed to move another step in this direction.

Mar. That is true, it will open the way for a horde of Gentiles to come here. A war between the North and South, is the only thing that will save us. We must encourage a war as much as possible, and defend our borders to the death. We must stir up the Redskins, and get them on the war path; that will take the attention of the government, until the big war comes on. If all this does not stop Gentile interferance, our rifles will. Hello! Here comes the Yankee, we will know more about it now.

Enter BARNABAS GRUMP, R.

Grump. Good-mornin', gents.

Mar. Good-morning, brother Grump.

Gorham. What did you find, brother Grump? Give us the particulars—we are mighty anxious to know.

Grump. Waal, ye see, I went over tu the camp, an' hung around there a spell an' axed a heap o' questions; but I didn't find out much o' anything till last night, and then I heard that them fellers are mighty likely tu drop down here kinder onexpected like, a'most any time. As nigh as I kin make out, Uncle Sam, he's sent 'em here tu see what sort o' a place this is, an' what we're a doin'—an' I reckon they'll be purty apt tu nose about some.

Mar. That is about what I have expected. How many are there, do you suppose?

Grump. I reckon there's a thousand on 'em anyway. I tell ye what they're mighty thick about thar.

Gorham. A thousand? It would worry us some to get away with that many, unless we could surprise 'em. Are they rather careful?

Grump. You kin jest bet they are. They've got double guards, an' a feller's got tu toe mighty straight, or he'll git filled full o' lead quicker'n chain lightnin'.

Mar. I must remove those females for a time. I wish you would come and get them to-day.

Gorham. All right—I will get brother Grump to help me.

Mar. I must attend the Council to-day, I shall insist on exterminating the troops, if we have sufficient strength to do it.

Gorham. You express my sentiments exactly; and I believe the Bretheren nearly all, concur in that belief.

Mar. I will urge the matter to the best of my ability. (*exit* L.

Gorham. If the Council does not decide on a fight, I will organize a band of true believers; disguise them as Indians; and pick the soldiers off, one by one. They will learn to respect our "Destroying Angels," if they do not respect our holy religion.

Grump. Won't that be a leetle resky? Suppose they happen tu ketch some on ye, an' find out yer white men?

Gorham. They won't catch us, you may be sure of that.

Grump. It seems this 'ere thing is a drawin' tu a peak. I'm kinder o' the opinion the folks in the "States", are a gittin' riled up, more or less, an' are a goin' tu make it warm fer the Saints.

Gorham. Are you getting weak kneed?

Grump. Wall, no, I can't say as I am, I was thinkin' that mebbe it would be as well tu hold off awhile, afore I begin marryin', an' wait fur the dust tu settle a bit.

Gorham. Of course you can do as you please about that; however I would advise you to go ahead. This affair is only a spasm of the government, and will soon be over.

Grump. Yaas, I reckon it's nothin' only a spasm, but ye know it might work round, an' be a regular fit afore it's done.

Gorham. Do as you like—I suppose you will help me move those women of Marwood's?

Grump. Why, yes, I reckon I will, I don't like the job fust rate, but I guess I'd better du it so's I'll kinder git used tu the bizness you know.

Gorham. Very well; we will go and git this job off our hands.

(*exit* GORHAM *and* GRUMP, R.

SCENE II.—A portion of a public park in Salt Lake City. Night, moon-light.

Enter DAY *and* BLIGH, L.

Day. What do you suppose has directed suspicion toward us? I fear Pete has said something he should not have said.

Bligh. I don't believe Pete has said anything; you kin trust that nigger as far as any white man.

Day. Perhaps they were trying to pump him.

Bligh. That's about it—an' I'll bet a coon skin, they didn't find out enough to hurt 'em either.

Day. It makes but little difference anyway, we must do our work, and begone. The first opportunity you have, you had better fix that Destroying Angel, Gorham.

Bligh. I'll du it, an' du it well. I'll try an' revenge them babies an' wimmin, as was killed at "Mountain Meadows". Their bones are a bleachin' yet in the storm an' sunshine, an' are a cryin' fur vengeance, tu every one what hates these cursed Mormons. I tell ye it's a burnin' shame that this government will 'low this thing tu go on.

Day. So it is. These Mormons openly defy the government; and our alleged statesmen take their snubs and insults, and never wince.

Bligh. Ain't it a gittin' about time fur Pete tu come? I'm dreadful anxious.

Day. Curb your impatience, he will soon be here. Hark! some one is approaching now; I think it must be Pete, we will soon know what to do.

Enter OSCAR DURAND, L.

Day. I thought you were Pete, we are very anxious for his report. Have you learned anything new?

Durand. I have learned the troops are very angry because they are not permitted to investigate Mormonism with fixed bayonets. Julia has told her sad story with good effect, and the boys are impatient to avenge her wrongs.

Day. They would make short work of it, if they had the opportunity.

Bligh. I wish I could lead 'em fer five or six hours.

Durand. Julia is coming to the city to-morrow, and if she is molested, the soldiers will wreak dire vengeance upon the Saints.

Bligh. What du you s'pose they'd du?

Durand. They would burn the city, and scatter the Saints to the four winds.

Bligh. I don't want 'em to hurt her very much, but I hope they'll kinder gether her inter the fold not very gentle like—jest use her rough enough to rile the boys, that all. Hello! here comes Pete; an' he's got some feller with him.

Enter PETE *and* GRUMP, L.

Day. We were beginning to think something had happened to you, Pete.

Pete. Foh de Lawd, Massa Day, dis yer child had a debbil ob a time. Catched dat 'are old 'postle right in some ob his debblish meanness—and dis yer gemmen was a helpin' him do it to.

Day. (*to* GRUMP) Are you a Mormon?

Grump. Wall, I kinder leaned that way fer a spell, but I reckon I ain't leanin' quite so much now.

BLIGH *steps behind* GRUMP *and draws a large knife.* DAY *makes gestures to him to stop.*

Day. Why did you bring this man with you, Pete?

Pete. Golly, Massa, I didn't fotch him, he done come jest 'case he wanted to.

Day. (*to* GRUMP) Well, sir, what can we do for you?

Grump. I can't say as you kin du anything perticular fer me. I jist wanted to see ye, is all.

Day. Do you think we are planning an insurrection?

Grump. I don't know nothin' about what yer a plannin', an' I don't care a darn. All I know is yer Gentiles, an' I kinder thought I could tell ye a few things that would be good fer ye tu know. I don't want tu push myself intu nobody's company ef I haint wanted, so I reckon I'll be a joggin' along. (*going.*

Day. Stop a moment. You say you have something to tell us that we ought to know?

Grump. Yaas, I reckon yer about kerect.

Day. And yet you are a Mormon?

Grump. Who says I'm a Mormon?

Day. You said so yourself.

Grump. Not by a jug-fuil. I said I kinder leaned that way fer a spell, but I said tew, that I didn't slant that way quite so much now.

Day. But you were in Mormon company and doing Mormon work?

Grump. True, I was ketched in bad company, an' I helped them devils du some cussed mean work—but I want ye tu know I've reformed slick an' clean.

Day. What is your name?

Grump. Grump—Barnabas Grump—at your service.

Day. Well, Mr. Grump, we will hear what you have to say.

Grump. I reckon you hate Mormons, wors'n pussley don't ye?

Bligh. (*as de to* DAY) Tell him yes, an' ask him what he's goin' tu du about it.

Day. (*aside to* BLIGH) Do not get impatient, neighbor Bligh.

Bligh. (*aside to* DAY) I tell ye Mr. Day, I'm a gettin' tired o' this dallyin', an' I'm goin' tu commence business pretty soon, an' commence it in airnest. Ef he ain't a Mormon he'd better say so

without much more palaver. I won't answer for myself much longer.

Pete. (*aside to* BLIGH) Massa Bligh, this yer gemmen ain't no Mormon.

Day. (*aside*) I trust you are right, Pete, if he is not, he ought to say so.

Pete. (*aside*) Dat's so, Massa Day. (*to* GRUMP) See heah, ye'd better speak kinder quick and plain.

Grump. Holy smoke! Hain't I said I want no Mormon? Ef you don't believe me when I say a thing, ye may go tu the devil, or any where else ye want tu.

Bligh. Now yer talkin' as though ye meant it, an' it's about time tew.

Grump. See here, ef yer a tryin' to skeer me you've made an all fired mistake. I am as independent as a cork screw. If you want tu hear what I've got tu say, you'd better git at it more peaceable like.

Day. You know we find it necessary to be cautious here, I hope you will not hesitate to tell us what you know.

Grump. Waal, I'll tell you about it. Ye see I've been here a good spell, an' I begun tu think that Mormonism was a mighty good thing; an' so I told 'em I wanted tu jine the church—arter that they let me intu some o' their secrets. I found out that this 'ere Gorham is about the biggest villain, an' cutthroat in the univarse; and that old Marwood ain't a bit better; and I finally made up my mind, that the whole lot needs killin' pretty considerable bad.

Day. Well, what about Gorham and Marwood?

Grump. I found out, that Marwood has got about a dozen wives, an' one on 'em is crazy as a bed bug; an' that his an' Gorham's devilish abuse made her crazy; an' that he's a tryin' to get another one, an' that they're bound to make this gal marry Marwood, or kill her. She's a gittin' mighty near starved to death now, and them there infernal devils keep a starvin' an' a whippin' her, an' a swearin' if she don't consent they will starve an' whip her tu death. But I reckon she'll go crazy, like the other one did; she'll never give in, I'll bet on that.

Day. Is this young lady a Mormon?

Grump. No, she ain't no Mormon. She's a name sake o' yourn, her name is Day.

Durand. } Day!
Day. }

Grump. Yes, Day, an' the crazy one is her mother.

Day. My God! her mother?

Grump. Yaas, but what's the matter?

Day. They are my wife, and daughter.

Grump. Yer wife an' darter?

Day. Insane—starving—whipped—and I inactive? Where are they?

Grump. They are at Gorham's house, just outside o' town, they was tuck there this mornin'.

Day. Do you suppose we would find those villains there to-night?

Grump. No, ye wouldn't, but I reckon we kin fix it so we kin ketch 'em to-morrow sometime.

Day. We will take you into our confidence, Mr. Grump, and if you play us false, you sign your death warrant. We are desperate men, and we have sworn to kill Jeptha Marwood, and we will do it.

Grump. I'll see they are at Gorham's house to-morrow, an' I'll let you know when.

Durand. Is there any unusual danger for them to-night?

Grump. No, I reckon not.

Day. Friends and companions, the time is at hand when our debt of vengeance will be paid. Are you ready to go?

All. We are.

Day. I feel the thrills of coming triumph—destruction swift and sure shall overtake Jeptha Marwood. My work is nearly done. Revenge! Revenge!

Disposition of characters for tableau.

BLIGH. DAY. DURAND.
GRUMP. PETE.

QUICK CURTAIN.—END OF ACT III.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—A room in GORHAM'S *house. Discovered* DORA DAY, *looking pale and careworn, seated by table* L.

Dora. Oh, these weary weeks of agony! The pangs of starvation—the lash and the prison in this our boasted nineteenth century. The tortures of the inquisition beneath a flag of freedom and equal rights. Here am I, a victim of the basest human passions, helpless and alone, with no friend to succor me in my distress. (*starts up*) If Sodom of old perished for its sins, why should this place escape? On every side, the cries and supplications of the wronged, the helpless, the innocent ascend to heaven, begging, pleading for mercy and deliverance. But to no purpose—the eddying whirlpool sucks them in, their cries and supplications fall unheeded. They are swallowed up and lost forever, or left pitiable wrecks upon the barren shore. I feel I am giving way beneath this strain; I will soon be a wreck, but the wreck will do me honor; no taint or shadow of sin will be upon me. Ah, some one is coming, I pray it may be my executioner.

Enter BARNABAS GRUMP, C.

Grump. Good-mornin' Miss Day, how du ye feel this mornin'?

Dora. How do I feel? What mockery to ask!

Grump. Miss Day, I've come tu tell ye some news. This is yer last day in prison.

Dora. Thank heaven! Oh, thank heaven! But stay, does this release compromise my honor?

Grump. Not a bit on it.

Dora. Can this be true? Oh, can this be true?

Grump. Ye just bet it's true. I wish I could bring ye somethin' to eat.

Dora. I do not care for anything to eat. I can live on the hope of gaining my freedom.

Grump. I reckon hope is a dreadful thin diet. In my opinion, ye won't get very fat on that kind o' feed an' nuthin' else.

Dora. I do not feel the craving of hunger now—I am strong and well.

Grump. That's good. An' I reckon ye'll need a right good lot o' strength, fer that old cuss Marwood, will call on ye soon.

Dora. Must I face that old villain again? Why not let me go before he comes?

Grump. It's a part o' the plan tu let him come. Don't get skeered, he won't harm ye.

Dora. I must believe what you say; it is my only hope. Do not deceive me—oh, I beg of you, do not deceive me.

Grump. I'm not deceivin' ye. What I've told ye, is true as gospel.

Dora. I will be brave, I will not falter. I have endured much, I can endure more.

Grump. I know ye've got a heap o' grit, ef ye hadn't, ye'd gi'n in long ago. Waal, I must be a goin'. Good-day, don't worry.

(*exit* L.

Dora. Hope has revived! I believe that man told me the truth—if he did not—oh, heaven! I dare not think of my misery! I cannot endure this much longer—I am breaking, breaking! (*sinks on a chair by table and buries face in her hands.*

Enter OSCAR DURAND, C.

Durand. (*aside*) She seems to be asleep—how thin and pale she is. The horrible cruelty she has undergone, would kill one less determined. (*aloud*) Dora, Dora my love! Look up and speak to me!

Dora. (*starting up*) Oh, Oscar, Oscar! is it indeed you?

Durand. Yes, it is I, and no other. How pale and thin you are. Come to me darling! (*embrace*) Oh, my love, how you have suffered!

Dora. Yes, I have suffered; but the joy of this moment repays me for all.

Durand. This is, indeed, a joyous moment, only marred by what you have endured.

Dora. It is past, and when I am free, will soon be forgotten, or only remembered as the phantasm of a dream.

Durand. Dearest, I have come to claim you for my own.

Dora. Remember my oath, I cannot evade its dreadful requirements.

Durand. Your oath is not in force, and never has been. Your father is alive and well.

Dora. Alive? Is it true? Is he, indeed, alive?

Durand. He is, and seeking his revenge.

Dora. Where is he? Oh, where is he?

Durand. Near at hand, and will be here soon to protect you.

Dora. Then Oscar, I am yours—take me if you wish.

Durand. (*clasping her in his arms*) You are mine, all mine. I could not wait longer to see you; I knew in the hurry of our flight, I could not seek and gain the sweet promise you have given me.

Dora. You will not fail to come?

Durand. Never fear, I will be here.

Dora. And will father surely be with you?

Durand. Yes, dear, your father, Mr. Bligh and Pete. Good-bye.

(*kisses her and exits* C.

Dora. Oh, joy! joy! My deliverance is at hand! The only cloud to mar the sunshine, is poor crazy mother. However wrong her conduct, I love her still—she is my mother.

Enter MRS. DAY, C.

Mrs. Day. Why, have they changed our prison? Oh, yes, I remember now; they told me we should go back to the dear old home—my little girl and I. How happy we shall be! I will then see my husband! My husband? No, no—I have no husband—no home! *He* said I would be happy—happy? Why, should I speak of happiness? It is not for me. The villain came with honeyed lies in his mouth, and deceived me. I trusted him, I believed him, and now what am I? (*sees* DORA) Who are you? Oh, I know you now; you are the harpies, who visit me at night, and grin, and shriek at me. Away! Away! Do not come near me!

Dora. Don't you know me, mother?

Mrs. Day. Know you? No, I know no one. They say I am mad, but that is false; I am not mad—no I am not mad. I see those horrid shapes, and grinning faces—but they tell me it is only fancy. They come to me by night and by day, and mock and scoff; and one among them, with silvery hair, and smiling lips—scourges my quivering flesh, until I shriek with agony.

Dora. Oh, heaven! Is this my mother? Mother, mother! I am your daughter.

Mrs. Day. Away you lying fiend! Why do you mock me?

Dora. You knew me yesterday; don't you remember?

Mrs. Day. Remember? Yes, I remember the lowly home-like cottage, covered with clinging vines, and filled with love and peace. I remember—oh, how well I remember my loving daughter; my noble husband, I remember—and the remembrance sears my brain, how that smooth-tongued devil beguiled me. I remember how he starved me—I remember—Back! back! Do not come near me! See that horrid throng come on—they are skeletons, fleshless skeletons; victims of Mormon cruelty. Hark! Hark! what do they say? That shadow holding to her bosom a fair-haired babe, with streaming eyes and breaking heart, begged for mercy at Mountain Meadows. The one beside her with raven locks and queenly carriage, was decoyed from her English home, to grace the Prophet's harem, and died broken-hearted. The whole ghostly train are shrieking out their wrong and crying loud for vengeance. Away! Away! I cannot bear it! (*exit quickly repeating, away! away!*

Dora. Oh, my poor mother! No one can tell what she has suffered. (*kneels*) Oh, Father in Heaven, grant that this may soon end.

SCENE II.—Street in first grooves.

Enter JEPTHA MARWOOD, R.

Mar. One more effort, and then brother Gorham may take the obstinate girl in charge. My patience is exhausted! It is unfortunate that she recognized her mother—yet the fact that she is a raving maniac, may have some effect on her, and induce her to yield. I will at once find Gorham, and he shall go with me—he has a way to tame these obdurate women which never fails. (*exit* L.

SCENE III.—The same as scene first—Night.

Enter DORA, C.

Dora. Night has come, and I am nearly wild with apprehension. I fear I am doomed to disappointment; if they do not come, I am lost —nothing can save me. My poor mother's hallucination, almost unnerves me.

Enter JEPTHA MARWOOD, C.

Mar. Good evening, Miss Day, how are you feeling by this time?

Dora. Look at me and your question is answered.

Mar. You are rather thin and pale.

Dora. You have come then to taunt me with your triumph? to gloat over the defeat of a weak, helpless woman?

Mar. It seems your enforced fasting, and the vigorous discipline you have undergone, have not dulled the sharp edge of your tongue.

Dora. And never will.

Mar. Do not flatter yourself that this is all. What you have suffered, will be considered pleasure, when compared with what you will endure, if you still remain obdurate.

Dora. And this is your boasted religion;'your reputed saintliness? You starve and scourge women, because they are helpless, and in your power. You a pillar in the so-called church, descend to practices, a savage would blush to own.

Mar. Have a care my lady, or you will learn to your sorrow what I can do.

Dora. I know you would not hesitate to do anything you could with safety to yourself. Yet there is one thing you can never do.

Mar. What is that pray?

Dora. Conquer my pride and honor.

Mar. I tell you Dora Day, if you do not consent to be my wife, I will rack you with tortures, such as you never dreamed of. You shall beg and plead for death that will not come. The man in whose house you now are, has no spark of pity or compassion. Once in his care, your doom is sealed. There is no escape but in marriage with me, insanity or death. Your mother played the fool, as you are doing; you have seen the result—be warned in time.

Dora. Your threats do not intimidate me. You and your bloody satellite may do your worst—you cannot conquer me.

Mar. We shall see. You will soon shriek with agony.

Dora. I may cry with agony, but never for mercy.

Mar. I will give you one more opportunity before I call Gorham. Will you consent?

Dora. Jeptha Marwood, I answer you once for all,—never! Call your inquisitors, commence your torture—I am ready to meet it.

Mar. Poor fool! you little know what you are bringing upon yourself.

Dora. I can judge of that to come, by what I have already experienced.

Mar. I dislike very much to resort to these extreme measures; I wish you would listen to reason.

Dora. My decision is fixed; none of your sophisms can change it.

Mar. As you will. *(calls.*

Enter, OBADIAH GORHAM, C.

Mar. Brother Gorham, this young lady is still obdurate, I therefore consign her to your care.

Gorham. I have a way of bringing them to reason that never fails.

Mar. I do not want any dilly-dallying about it, brother Gorham.

Gorham. I understand. (*starts toward* DORA) Come along, Miss! You will now have something to keep you from being lonely.

Dora. Do not touch me! I warn you, do not touch me!

Gorham. Ha! ha! I shall stop a long time for this flurry. (*seizes her arm.*

Dora. (*struggling to free herself*) Help! Help! Unhand me! let me go!

Gorham. Give me a little assistance, brother Marwood. Put your hand over her mouth and shut up that noise.

They struggle with her; MARWOOD *attempts to stifle her cries. She frees her head and shouts, Help! Help!*

Enter at C., MRS. DAY, *she rushes down stage, siezes* GORHAM *by the collar, and jerks him down. He raises to his knees, she draws a pair of shears from her dress, and is about to plunge them into* GORHAM'S *breast, when* MARWOOD *releases* DORA, *and seizes her.*

Mrs. Day. (*wrenching herself loose from* MARWOOD) Back! back I say! I will avenge my wrongs, and the wrongs of this poor girl.

Mar. Go away from here at once!

Mrs. Day. Ha! ha! ha! Go away from here?

Gorham. (*to* MARWOOD) You watch this one; I will take care of the crazy one.

Mrs. Day. You will take care of the crazy one? Ha! ha! ha! Come and take care of me.

Gorham. Seize her brother Marwood, and choke the life out of her! I will do the same for this one.

GORHAM *and* MARWOOD *starts toward* DORA *and* MRS. DAY.

Enter from C., DAY, BLIGH, DURAND, PETE *and* GRUMP.

Day. (*rushes to* MARWOOD *and siezes him*) Jeptha Marwood, do you know me?

Mar. My God! It is James Day!

DURAND *goes to* DORA; BLIGH *watches* GORHAM. PETE *and* GRUMP *stand at back watching the parties.*

Day. Yes, Jeptha Marwood, it is James Day—come to avenge the wrongs you have done him. What have you to say?

Mar. Nothing, only to admit and deplore the wrong, and beg of you to be merciful.

Day. Beg me to be merciful! Have you been merciful to me? Have you been merciful to this poor insane wreck? Have you been merciful to my daughter?

Mar. I have only been trying to live according to the faith of our holy religion.

Day. Your holy religion! Did it teach you to destroy my home, to drive your victim to insanity, and persecute my daughter almost unto death?

Bligh. Cut the old villain's throat; don't parley with him.

Mar. Mercy! Mercy!

GORHAM *draws a knife.* BLIGH *draws and levels pistol at him.*

Bligh. Your time has come. (*shoots* GORHAM, *who drops knife, falls and dies.*

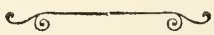
Mar. Mercy! Mercy! Oh, be merciful!

Day. Look at your victims and ask for mercy, if you dare. Down! Down on your knees, you abject coward!

MARWOOD *kneels;* MRS. DAY *picks up knife dropped by* GORHAM—*steps quickly behind* MARWOOD *and stabs him.* MARWOOD *falls and dies.* MRS. DAY *falls on her knees in front of* DAY, *and raises her clasped hands to him.* DURAND *on* R., *supporting* DORA. BLIGH L., *by* DAY, *bending forward and looking at* GORHAM. GRUMP *and* PETE, C., *back.*

PICTURE.—SLOW CURTAIN

THE END.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E. [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

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1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle	7	4
158	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt	1	1
23	My Heart's in Highlands	4	3
208	My Precious Betsey	4	4
212	My Turn Next	4	3
32	My Wife's Relations	4	4
186	My Day and Now-a-Days	0	1
44	Obedience	1	2
33	On the Sly	3	2
57	Paddy Miles' Boy	5	2
217	Patent Washing Machine	4	1
165	Persecuted Dutchman	6	3
195	Poor Pilicody	2	3
159	Quiet Family	4	4
171	Rough Diamond	4	3
180	Ripples	2	0
48	Schnaps	1	1
138	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore	3	3
55	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
232	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2
137	Taking the Census	1	1
40	That Mysterious B'dle	2	2
38	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
131	The Cigarette	4	2
101	The Coming Man	3	1
167	Turn Him Out	3	2
68	The Sham Professor	4	0
54	The Two T. J's	4	2

NO.		M	F
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday	4	2
142	Tit for Tat	2	1
213	Vermont Wool Dealer	5	3
151	Wanted a Husband	2	1
5	When Women Weep	3	2
56	Wooing Under Difficulties	5	3
70	Which will he Marry	2	8
135	Widower's Trials	4	5
147	Waking Him Up	1	2
155	Why they Joined the Rebeccas	0	4
111	Yankee Duelist	3	1
157	Yankee Peddler	7	3
	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.		
204	Academy of Stars	6	0
15	An Unhappy Pair	1	1
172	Black Shoemaker	4	2
98	Black Statue	4	2
222	Colored Senators	3	0
214	Chops	3	0
145	Cuff's Luck	2	1
190	Crimps Trip	5	0
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend	2	0
230	Hamlet the Dainty	6	1
153	Haunted House	2	0
24	Handy Andy	2	0
236	Hypochondriac The	2	0
77	Joe's Visit	2	1
88	Mischievous Nigger	4	2
128	Musical Darkey	2	0
90	No Cure No Pay	3	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems	3	0
234	Old Dad's Cabin	2	1
150	Old Pompey	1	1
109	Other People's Children	3	2
134	Pomp's Pranks	2	0
177	Quarrelsome Servants	3	0
96	Rooms to Let	2	1
107	School	5	0
133	Seeing Bosting	3	0
179	Sham Doctor	3	3
94	16,000 Years Ago	3	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman	2	0
92	Stage Struck Darkey	2	1
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down	2	0
64	That Boy Sam	3	1
122	The Select School	5	0
118	The Popcorn Man	3	1
6	The Studio	3	0
108	Those Awful Boys	5	0
4	Twain's Dodging	3	1
197	Tricks	5	2
198	Uncle Jeff	5	2
170	U. S. Mail	2	2
216	Vice Versa	3	1
206	Villkens and Dinah	4	1
210	Virginia Mum my	6	1
203	Who Stole the Chickens	1	1
205	William Tell	4	0
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